

[Continued on Page 8.]

BY JAMES F. ALMY.

Northwestern. As the endowment is not available for regular school work, the school is likely to be impeded in its work for the lack of a few hundred dollars annually for students' aid and running expenses.

BY REV. E. T. CURNICK, A. M.

ble per cent. of them prove indifferent and dilatory in behalf of missions, the

cards should be passed through the au-

Aside from these peculiarities, however, I found in Mr. Simpson an earnest, intensely spiritual, and, withal, an exceptionally able and inspiring leader of men. Of slight frame, Scotch accent, rapid delivery, and his whole being trembling with the fervor of his thought, he held the vast congregation

ure of the living children as we have comforting assurance of the spiritual condition of the dying children? Have we as great faith that the living little ones are as really Christ's little ones as that the deceased little ones are of and in the kingdom of God? We, who preach to the living, are accustomed to

of life ever develop without break into ordinary Christian experience of adult regeneration, into conscious salvation, so that the soul is always safe, from birth to old age? We believe it to be possible under grace. Does not the Bible say that John the Baptist was "full of the Holy Ghost from his moth-

hasty passing. "Azalla" is a welcome first part of a story from the author of "Uncle Remus." "Our Kivigtok" is an interesting episode of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition. E. S. Nadal gives us two pages of "Notes of a Professional Exile." The solid paper of this issue, and one of special interest

[Continued on Page 7.]

"Notes of a Professional Exile." The solid paper of this issue, and one of special interest

[Continued on Page 7.]

The S

THIRD QUARTER

Sunday
M

BY REV. DR. J. H. HARRIS

TRUST

I. Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT.**
Aim: for He came

2. **DATE:** A. D. _____

3. **PLACE:** Mount _____
near the Sea of _____

4. **CONNECTION:**
giving His disciples
our Lord proceed
and simplicity in
case of almsgiving
to be done, and
secretary which he
before him. This
however, not to be
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treasures are no
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in the lesson of
food and raiment

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Monday. Th _____
24-31.

Tuesday. Ab _____

Wednesday. Da _____

Thursday. Eli _____

Friday. Jel _____
14-30.

Saturday. Th _____
13-30.

Sunday. Th _____

II. Introduction

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and Mammon
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for both. The
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III. Exposition

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and devoted. Tw
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12-15; 1 Kg. 19
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2: 14). The
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such an idol was
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matter. "The al
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mon."

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(Byron).— God
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son cannot; more
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says, "Be chari
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of that day as
Thus we cannot

25. Therefore.

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The Family.

SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

"What is the use of praying?" asks the unbelieving cynic. "Can prayer change the action of nature's fixed laws?" To this it suffices the Christian to reply, "My Master, who made those laws, tells me to pray. He also gave me a form of prayer. Does He not know that there is life in prayer? Besides, I know by many experiences that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer. Therefore, as David, the royal statesman, did, 'I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me.' Chrysostom, the silver-tongued, did not exaggerate the worth of prayer when he said, 'It is the root, the fountain, the mother, of a thousand blessings.'"

To a discouraged soul mourning the death of his only glided hopes and gladness dreams, a poet wisely says,—"Turn thee to other souls, more sad than thine."

Into their darkness bring the light of day; Lead them forth gently into paths divine; And thou shalt find a blessing on the way."

In these lines the poet only gives rhetorical expression to the truth that absorbing grief over one's own troubles is self-torment from which there is no escape except through the door of self-forgetfulness into the walks of benevolence toward others. It is in having sympathy with the woes of others that men find an invigorating balm which speedily replaces the depression of selfish grief with the joy that distills like dew from acts of living service.

A good brother prays: "Lord, save us from forms!" Is that a good prayer? The brother was using form in the prayer. What can we do in a religious life without form? The brother evidently meant what his words did not express. Form we must have in everything we do, and it would be better for some if they had more of it. Form is not antagonistic to spirituality, but, if rightly used, will make the heart and life more spiritual. None feel the need of right forms more than the spiritual-minded. Never trust in the form, but use it for the highest spiritual attainments. Excessive formalism should be shunned, but hold fast to sound words, and such forms as lead to God and heaven.

When one's spirits are exhilarated by the sweet wine of prosperity, it is easy to say, "Thy will be done." But when one is compelled to drink the vinegar of adversity, it is, as a dying bishop once said in a voice choked with tears, "hard—very hard some times—to say it." Yet the hour of deepest sorrow is the test-hour of our submission to God's will. When Providence, by spoiling what Rutherford calls "our fool's heaven in this life," brings us into the gloom of our Gethsemane, then is the time for us to prove the sincerity and strength of our faith, and to say, as did our agonizing Lord when the cup of suffering for the sin of the world was at his quivering lips, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt!" Through such submission

"Love masters agony; the soul that seemed Forsaken feels her present God again."

AN "OFF YEAR."

We are not always at our best! The loaded orchards of last year Showed but a scanty bloom this May; A child could count their fruit to-day, And yet the farmers east and west Prune the poor trees, and show no fear.

We are not always at our best! The sheep are chary of their wool, They do not always yield the same; The woods are sometimes bare of game, The trees not always autumn dressed, The wheat-fields have their harvest dull.

We are not always at our best! Earth has its tides ebb and flow, And lives like ours have each a tide; Men's hearts are stout and feeble, They wait in hope, and try and test, And take the evil with the good.

We are not always at our best! Is God than man less patient then? Less sure of knowledge, strong of will, Less able to compete with ill, To wait till the slow-flowing crest Of tide shall turn to shore again?

We are not always at our best! Dear Lord, thou know'st what was and is Our best, our worst, our hopes, our fears, Our sins and our repentant tears; In Thy great patience we can rest; Next year may make amends for this.

—Susan Coolidge.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT RHEUMATISM.

BY REV. MARK TRAPTON.

It has been a long, long time since I have been permitted to look my old-time friends of the HERALD in the face, or been able to sit at my desk and indulge in a social chat with you. The truth is, I could not, "though inclination be as sharp as 'twill." For two months I have been crying, "Who shall deliver me from this dead body?"

I have lost the entire spring, and to one who, in all probability, has so few of that choice article in hand, this is a great loss. True it is that March with its bluster, April with its fickleness and broken promises, and May with its grimaces which the poet whimsically called smiles, have come and departed, and I have watched from my lounge or easy-chair the weather-vane on the church yonder, hoping for something besides an east wind, until hope has fled, and there even now, June 8, that vane points due east! Does my friendly reader ask, "What has the wind to do in your case at all?" Much every way, and chiefly because my family friends and the doctor whom I of late called, all smilingly say, "Oh, when the wind changes, you'll be better;" so that one feels to be wind-bound in harbor, waiting for a change to go to sea!

Now I have not been much alarmed in my life-time about various contagious diseases, albeit often exposed. I recall an incident in Boston. On coming in from making calls one day, I found a woman waiting to see me. "What is your wish, good woman?" I asked. "Will you go and baptize my two children who are sick?" "Certainly," said I; "give the street and number." This done, she started to leave, when it occurred to me, as was my custom, to ask, "What is the disease?" "Small-pox, sir," she replied. I did not go, but I filled my house so full of smoke that one could not see across a room. Another similar case: I was making a call at a sailor boarding-house, when hearing a groan from an adjoining room, I asked, "Is some one sick there?" "A sailor with small-pox," was the quiet reply. My call was brief. I have never taken a disease save once—diphtheria—from visiting in my parish work.

There was one form of disease which I have often seen, yet never feared, and I fancied strong and impassable barriers existed between it and myself, that is *roomatiks* (I long for a harsher orthography). It is a disease of old age, I have always said, and I do not intend to be old. It comes from abuse and self-neglect; I take care of myself. It is a hereditary taint; and I do not call to mind any of my forebears afflicted with it. So that meeting from time to time the groaning sufferers from this physical derangement, I have said to myself, this man has sinned or his fathers, that he thus suffers, and passed by like a conscientious Levite on the other side! But the unexpected often occurs, and so in this.

I was lying in bed one restless night when a marauding insect, after a soothing serenade on his horn, lighted upon my nose and commenced an excavation. At once a message from the council chamber was despatched to the flexors and extensors of my arm to send up a file of digits and dislodge the intruder, but there was no response nor movement. There was a strike along the whole line of muscle builders and repairers. My indignation was kindled, and, following the example of some great manufacturers, I decided on a general "lock-out." But caution suggested, "Will this be just, to punish the guilty at the expense of the innocent?" then, "Will it be safe? When you have stopped the 'wheel at the clatters,' will there be reserve power to start it up again?" I paused, and so decided to fall back upon arbitration.

In furtherance of this scheme, a popular physician was called. He sat down by my couch. Pulse and tongue examined, he remarked, "Muscular rheumatism; indicates want of acid in the system." "Well," I replied, "this is the first time in more than a half century of public life, that I have been charged with excess of sweetness. The sweetest people I have come in contact with, have said, 'you are too acid, and use caustics [only for proud flesh]; molasses is better than vinegar for catching flies.' "Then," said the arbitrator, "you want muscle. You do not eat animal food." "No," I said, "I have not used it for eight years." "Well, you must eat more flesh to build up your muscular system." "But," I replied, "I went up, on my system of diet, from 153 pounds to 175. There is your horse at the door; he is in fine condition, his muscles well rounded out; on what kind of flesh do you feed him? Now the teeth of that animal are constructed upon the same principle as yours and mine, and the stomach is the same, so that if he can become muscular by eating cereals and vegetable food, why not I as well? Must I then eat of a dead equine or bovine, often diseased and filled with fever microbes, in order to muscular development? No, I will not do it, but will rather adopt the suggestion of the humorous Sydney Smith—disperse with flesh, and sit in my bones." But as I had consented to the call of the doctor, it seemed hardly the fair thing to reject the prescription. I sent for the acid, and took it. Then I swallowed a quart bottle of "gum guaiacum." This had an effect; it destroyed what little appetite I had for food. I lost twelve pounds of good flesh, which I could not buy for money. "Drink lime juice," said a friend. "I knew a man," etc. I drank two bottles of the real Montserrat, and, distrustful of its strength, fortified it by eating a lemon or two a day. Then I took Horsford's Acid Phosphate *ad libitum*, and a bottle of Atholophorus; this shut up my ears, and I became deaf. Here I paused. Acid? Well, I was thoroughly acidulated. I was sour at last, and so saturated that a finger of mine put into a pail of new milk might have turned it to a curd as quickly as an old-time rennet bag. I became so cross that I quarreled with myself, and from some low whisperings in the family I surmised that they were thinking that the best place for me would be the Somerville Asylum. "Go to Springfield," said the family; "a change of air may do you good." I now think that that would have been nearer the real motive had they said, "will do us good" by getting this acid out of the house. I went, saying to myself, now if I can catch the Connecticut River malaria, a few good shakes may save me. Catch the chills and fever, forsooth! I should have been safe with cholera, small-pox and yellow-fever filling the air. Each would have said, "You'll get through without our aid." I came home and brought my enemy with me.

"Go into the air; keep out of doors all you can," said a noted doctor. Now I had hobbled about our extensive lawn, out of sight, but I resolved to make a bold push and took the cars for Boston. I rode up to 36 Bromfield street; but as one cannot trust a Boston horse-car when any specific train is to be reached, I resolved to walk back to the station. But to walk with my usual free, swinging gait with this demon driving his claws into my muscles was out of the question. I could not by

any effort bring my right limb to time. I began to be mortified, and said with the Psalmist, "I am ready to halt!" and old Bunyan's character, "Ready-to-halt," with his crutches, was reproduced. My pride was touched and my spirits sank below zero. Soon I met a man with one stiff knee, swinging his jointless leg along, and I said, there's a case worse than mine, and my spirits rose a little. I had not limped along a rod when I met a good-looking young man with one leg only, but making good headway on his crutches. Poor fellow, I said to myself, he may live yet forty years, and on crutches! Why should I complain of a little limp? And then, there is to be seen in his case one of mother nature's beneficent compensations: Should rheumatism attack him he will have but one leg to suffer. My spirits were rapidly rising, when, on turning into Howard street, I almost ran into a blind man. I was cured of murmuring, and that line in Wesley's "wrestling Jacob" came to me:

"Contented now upon my thigh, I halt till life's short journey ends."

One thing has puzzled me, and that is the great number of persons groaning under this affliction, and the various forms it assumes—muscular rheumatism, bone rheumatism, joint rheumatism, and what I take the liberty to call "diabolic roomatiks," which term will, no doubt, appear in the next work on pharmacy. In the olden times rheumatism was simple rheumatism, and nothing else, just as theology was simple Bible truth; while now we have taught systematic theology, dogmatic theology, polemic theology, and last, progressive theology, of Andoverian origin, and corresponding to the last form of "roomatiks" named above. Well, we grow wiser, but suffering and death reign all the same.

But now some poor sufferer will say, "Can you not, now that you have had this experience, and also having this distinction of being a doctor, give to us fellow-sufferers some advice, or alleviating recipes, and secure a universal benediction?" Well, as a general direction, I can say, "Grin and bear it." Specifically, I would say, read, to forget your pain, the Book of books, and if you can come to believe that Paul, when penning that beautiful passage which has comforted so many, "these light afflictions," etc., had in mind the pangs of "roomatiks," you will have reached a height in faith which will leave your eternal salvation without the shadow of a doubt. Then, to keep your thoughts from preying upon yourself, and as a substitute for and in the absence of "Christian scientists," I would advise you to read and inwardly digest, if possible, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and also "Drellingcourt on Death."

HEDDING CHAUNTAQUA HALL.

(Dedicated at East Kingston, N. H.)

BY REV. J. W. ADAMS.

Chantaqua hall! The "People's College" Now offers to "the million," knowledge. True science, joined with classic lore, For all do open wide the door.

Chantaqua Hall, all hail to thee, The plebeian's university, Where maid and matron, son and sire, A broader culture may acquire! To-day we enter and possess This temple of the wilderness. Now with the sainted Hedding's name, We humbly, solemnly proclaim That it is herewith blest, baptized; And thus may it be recognized.

Translated and regenerate, This building we now dedicate To God, for worship and for praise; To man, that he may learn God's ways; To science, as by God revealed; To nature, now a book unsealed; To preaching of the Sacred Word; To teaching what may be inferred From all the Great Revealer writes, Or by His Spirit's voice inspired.

Here may our royal Vincent's voice Of cause Chantaqua's rejoice! Here may our own beloved Durrell Teach how to draw from truth's deep well! And here may thoughtful Baketel show How teachers may more skillful grow! Here, too, may Mrs. Cutler teach Us how the youthful mind to reach!

And may Mrs. Harlow make plain How we may childhood mould and gain! And may Mrs. Mearns, lectures, songs, Impress, inspire the happy throngs, As they shall come from far and near To seek the good things offered here!

May this Assembly, now so great—The oldest in the Granite State—The proud and happy mother be Of many a C. L. S. C.!

And may this good work so prevail, That its good fruit shall never fail!

'Tis not too much to hope and pray That, when we all have passed away, Our children's children here shall crown This shrine as their own! From henceforth this shall be a shrine, A Mecca, hallowed and divine, A fount of light and life and love, A helper to the heaven above. So bless this place, this day! So bless it be, let all now say!

Our Girls.

STELLA'S LESSON.

Six young ladies of a graduating class were gathered at a window overlooking pleasant grounds, and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various, reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame, were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" her answer was eagerly awaited.

"I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise.

"O-o-h," we all mean to do that, of course, said one; but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way and not try to do anything."

"In any way that is possible for me to help her."

A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued: "Shall I open my heart to you a bit, and let you read a sad passage from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant, and a large family of brothers and sisters made the days pass merrily. Our pleasures kept us so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I noticed that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be; but, as I did not see who supplied all the deficiencies, I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day, only such overworked mothers can explain; the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory."

We returned by moonlight so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing any one, if, indeed, any one was at that hour. By-and-by—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella, who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without hearing the voices so full of love and sorrow. Girls, I can't tell you how I felt when I learned of her death. She placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, still, stained dead one, and said, 'See, Louise, at what cost mine is so fair; and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again.

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work-table, holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. 'Louise,' she said, 'mother asked me to do this, and I really meant to; O, why didn't I do it at once?'"

"You can understand what an impression all this made upon me; and when, a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter my distress was hardly less than Stella's. One night, when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her all the details of my mother's illness, and she told me how she herself had to make the promise more binding and real, we exchanged rings. Mother's illness made it seem more natural and easy at first, and everything moved so smoothly that I really think she regained her health the more quickly. All the mending and sewing were done promptly under her direction, and we always by saying we liked to do it. She seldom knows what is prepared for tea or breakfast; we beg her not to inquire, for we know that she enjoys little surprises. The boys and the dear baby are better and happier for having so much of her time and attention."

"Last summer I visited Stella again. She is the light of the home. Only for the discipline I had passed through could I understand how she was able to accomplish so much. Once, when I expressed something of this to her, her eyes filled with tears as she asked: 'Do you suppose she can see us—that she knows what I am trying to do?' Her hands were not fair and delicate, but I thought her more beautiful. Why, girls, I never see a pretty hand now without wondering if it has a right to be fair and white. So I am going home to help her; I shall be happy, because I know it is my duty."

As Louise finished speaking, the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss that each bestowed upon the flushed face of the earnest speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.—Selected.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The Woman's Congress, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, will hold its next meeting in New York city, Oct. 27 and 28.

Miss Mary Byrd, of Michigan University, will take charge of the department of astronomy in Smith College the coming year.

Mrs. Clara Foltz, the California lawyer, has been appointed trustee of the State Normal School.

Women in Ireland are hereafter to be allowed to pass the higher examinations and to study in the college school at Reykjavik.

The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other State. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin rank next in order.

The organization known as the King's Daughters has a Central Council in New York through whom what little business necessary is done. The president is Mrs. Margaret Botome, wife of a well-known Methodist minister.

A movement has been started in Boston for the organization of women and girls into trades-unions similar to the existing organizations of trade among men who have not affiliated with the Knights.

The new library and reading room of Yale College is to be free for women on equal terms with men.

Fifty years ago a colored woman put \$94 in a Baltimore savings-bank, and her heirs have just realized \$2,300 from it.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has received a set of silver from the Sons of St. George, as a testimonial for her services to the lodge on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee.

Miss Kate Field lectured in Alaska to a large and attentive audience. Her subject was, "An Excursion with Dickens." It was a strange sight in the mining camp of Juneau, the largest town in Alaska, to hear a woman's lecture.

The Princess League of England has a rival in the Daisy League of Ireland. The motto of the latter is "Faith, Hope and Charity," and its object is "the promotion of woman's rights and Home Rule for Ireland." It consists entirely of women.

Miss Charlotte Morrill, of Brooklyn, whose paper received such universal notice at the Mt. Holyoke semi-centennial, has been spoken of as the possible successor of Miss Freeman as president of Wellesley College.

Mrs. Dr. Ellis, an American lady, is physician to the Queen of Corea. She has apartments in the royal palace at Seoul, and receives a yearly salary which is equal to eighteen thousand dollars. She is expected to visit the queen daily, and remains in call when her majesty is indisposed.

Mrs. Fanny Zampino Salazar has started a magazine in Italy, of which she is the editor. It is called *La Rassegna degli Interessi Femminili*, and, as its title indicates, is devoted to the interests of women. The magazine has now reached its sixth number, and has gained the good wishes and influence of the Queen of Italy and the ladies of her court.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was the first woman to obtain admission to L'Ecole de Médecine de Paris. She is a descendant of General Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, and has shown a good deal of her determination in her career. Her husband is also a physician, but they practice independently of each other. Dr. Mary is a small woman, with nothing masculine in her appearance. Her dress is of the simplest character, and generally of black or some other dark color, relieved only by a white collar and cuffs, or a bit of ruffling at the neck and sleeves.

Women authors are requested to send a copy of their works to the Inter-State Exposition, to be held in Chicago from Sept. 7 to Oct. 22, 1887. Donations are also solicited, the proceeds of which will be used to secure municipal woman suffrage in Illinois. Letters and packages should be addressed to: Alice B. Stockham, M. D., 159 La Salle Street, Chicago.

ONE LESS AT HOME.

One less at home! The charmed circle broken—A dear face Missed day by day from its accustomed place; But cleansed, and saved and perfected by grace!

One more in heaven! One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore One farewell word spoken; on the shore Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—

One more in heaven! One less at home! One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore One farewell word spoken; on the shore Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise, And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our eyes, But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—

One more in heaven! This is not home, where cramped in earthly mould Our sight of Christ is dim—our love is cold, But there, where face to face we shall behold Is home and heaven!

One less on earth! Its pains, its sorrows, and its toils to share; One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear; One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear.

At home in heaven! Another thought to brighten cloudy days, Another theme of thankfulness and praise, Another link on high our souls to raise To home and heaven!

One more at home! That home where separation cannot be, That home where none are missed eternally, Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee At home in heaven!

—Selected.

The Little Folks.

MY AND MY.

BY ANNA B. WARNER.

(Author of "Three Little Spades," "Casper," "Sunday All the Week," etc., etc.)

CHAPTER II.

"Supper was not ready! And when a boy comes in hot and tired from a furling game of ball which has left him just as out of patience as ever, everybody knows how hard it is to wait. The table looked all right—inviting enough of itself to make one hungry. Daly thought, with its dainty plates and cups; and there was a delicate savor of smoked beef and strawberries and brown bread, very tantalizing to a famished boy."

"Why under the sun don't we have tea?" said Daly impatiently. "You can't have tea under the sun at this time of day," said Orphan, comfortably curled up on the broad window-seat with her book, "because the sun's down."

"Under the moon, then—the more reason for having tea," quoth Daly. "I suppose mamma is not ready," said Orphan, calmly going back to her book.

"Tea is."

Orphan looked up again, at the table this time, but the book was far more interesting. You see she had not been playing ball and breaking saucers and chasing cats, and so could give her mind to the story.

Daly twisted and fumed about for a little, then marched into the next room where his mother sat writing.

"Mamma, tea is ready!"

"Is it?" said mamma, going on with her letter.

"And I'm just as hungry as two bears!" But to that came no answer.

"And it smells so good!"

Mrs. McKenzie turned the page, folding the white sheet carefully down, and then scratched, went the pen again, just as before; but otherwise the little room was quite still. Daly waited.

"Aren't you hungry, ma'am?"

"Not particularly."

Daly flung out of the room, and just didn't slam the door after him.

"It's too bad!" he burst forth to Orphan.

"What's bad?"

"Tea! I can't have my tea!"

"But it isn't late," said Orphan, deep in her book, and wishing it still earlier.

"It is late—late as everything!"

"It would be nine o'clock and you would have to go to bed," said Orphan, beginning to think that a more rapid flight of time might be desirable, after all.

"No, it would be six o'clock, and you'd have to get up," said Daly.

But this being Orphan's weak point, she changed the subject.

"And of course mamma will come when she is ready."

"I don't believe she'll ever come!" said Daly. "It's just as late as it can be, and it's getting dark, and I'm just famished. When I'm starved to death, she'll be ready, I guess."

But such extraordinary sentiments brought even Orphan out of her book. "Why, Daly?" she said, looking up with eyes wide open, "I shouldn't think you would speak so. It isn't proper."

"Girls don't know what proper

means," said Daly, in the exalted state of mind which befalls a boy. "It's proper I should have my supper; and it's proper mamma should give it to me, too."

"It is proper mamma should do what she chooses, I think," said Orphan, with a girl's calmness of superior wisdom. "And it would help pass away the time till other people are ready, if you were to get ready yourself."

"I am ready."

"No, you are not. There are three locks of your hair standing straight up like an Indian's scalp-lock."

"Bother!" said Daly impatiently (these locks were a sore subject). "I tell you they will stand up. Girls have tame hair, and don't know anything about it. Nothing can keep 'em down—unless I stand on my head; and you wouldn't let that, I suppose?"

"I might like it—if it suppressed the scalp-locks," said Orphan composedly.

Her eyes went down to her book again, and Daly went to a new fidget. He stood by the table and gazed at it; he walked round it, and pushed the plates first a little further on, and then a little further off; and if the dishes generally had been of lighter material, his "Oh dears!" were strong enough to blow them away altogether. At last steps were heard in the hall, and his face cleared.

"There comes papa!" he cried clapping his hands. "Now she'll have to stop."

And sure enough, just as Mr. McKenzie opened the door at one side, his wife came in by the other, and they all sat down to tea.

But Daly soon found that his troubles were not over. What had got into his mother to make her so queer? She poured out the tea, and seemed to forget all about his bowl of milk. She talked to his father, and helped the strawberries, and cut the cake, and still the little blue bowl stood empty. Daly pushed it gently over towards the end of the tea-tray, and every now and then gave it a further little shove in the same direction; he looked reproachfully at his mother, and still she took no notice. And as it was against rules for the children to interrupt conversation, there was nothing for him but to wait.

What did they find so much to talk about? Why need they talk at all, just then? Even Orphan, having really laid down her book, was enjoying her tea so much that she seemed to see nothing else. Daly tried to comfort himself with bread and butter, but it didn't taste good a bit. Was his mother angry? Why, he hadn't done a thing—this exhausted boy who had worn himself out with cats and lines and balls. Big tears of mortification, and thirst, and I'm afraid displeasure too, gathered in Orphan's eyes, and one even splashed down upon his plate. If he were only a girl he would faint away, and frighten them all out of their wits, then they would find out! But, of course, fainting was a luxury not open to boys; and that one tear had come down on the side next his mother, and so Mr. McKenzie took no notice. He did see, by and by, in a pause of the talk, that Daly's supper was making slow progress; and, looking about for reasons, he presently espied the empty bowl.

"Why, my dear," he said, "the boy has no milk!"

"He can wait," said mamma carelessly; but she took up her pitcher then, and filled the blue bowl. Mr. McKenzie looked surprised for an instant, but presently, concluding that Daly was in disgrace for some fault, took no further notice of him, and went on with the conversation.

As for Daly, he swallowed his milk in a state of mind that is hard to describe. He saw well enough what his father thought, and it was pretty hard to bear, but he said to himself, when he had just been as good as pie the whole day. Then, he had waited so long for his milk that, now he had it, it didn't taste right; and two or three more secret tears that slid in, salted, but did not improve it. He didn't want milk now. "The way is to have a thing when you do want it," he remarked privately; and at this point his desires began to centre upon the cake. But as time went on, a queer doubt crept over him as to whether the cake would act as the milk had done. For somehow, before Daly knew it, his father had a piece, and Orphan had a piece, and all the rest of the cake stood away over by his mother's tea-tray and quite beyond his reach. And Daly by this time was also quite beyond asking. His pride was astir; he felt angry and disappointed and wondering. Half ashamed, too, in spite of himself; for though he could not make out what it was, he felt sure there must be something back of all these strange doings—some reproof for some fault, some lesson for some duty. Daly knew his mother well enough to be sure she always had a reason, whether she always told it or not. He took another piece of bread and butter and munched gloomily. It did not please him to have lessons all tea-time—not at all; and bread and butter was not of much account when a boy wanted cake.

[illegible]

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(Continued from page 1.)

church. The reading is monotonous and grows wearisome, till we begin to hear a low undertone from within the sacred enclosure at the east. The voice is rich and deep, and every moment grows more distinct. The young men cease their reading, and a surprised lad, carrying a huge lighted candle, swings open the center doors, and in the dim light by the richly-furnished altar, in the holy place, we see the priest reading from the Holy Book. His face is covered with a heavy beard as black as the raven. His robes are of a creamy white, richly embroidered with gold. His head is covered with a high round cap of plain black cloth. He continues the Greek reading, but does not advance beyond the doorway. As he solemnly intones the service there is a sudden burst of song above our heads, as if the heavens were really opened and the hosts were again chanting their sweetest songs. The effect can never be described. The cold chills went over me again and again, and breathing was difficult for a time. My whole being was thrilled as never before. So through the half-hour's service which followed these outbursts of magnificent music surprised us, and though we understood not a word of the service, we worshipped sincerely the God in whose name these strange people were met.

After the regular service there was a funeral. A prominent Russian had died, and the last rites of the church were performed in the place where he had worshipped. The hearse was drawn by six beautiful black horses, with trappings richly trimmed with silver, and ridden by men in elaborately decorated uniform. Across the breast of each rider and pall-bearer was a velvet sash bearing the word "Enterprise," embroidered in silver. The caasket, made in imitation of granite and covered with choicest flowers, was carried to the center of the church and surrounded with large lighted candles. The friends stood around the caasket, and an old man distributed about a hundred lighted candles among them, which they held in their hands till the service was over. The black-headed priest came in from the holy place with his censer of smoking incense, and then began such chanting as I never heard. In almost every sentence of the songs, one familiar word rang out like a shout of triumph. From the minor tones of the requiem, the "alleluia, alleluia," burst forth like sunshine from the blackest storm-cloud, or the song of bird in the night. Whatever was the significance of this word to these worshippers, it came like a benediction to my soul. The echo lingers with me, and again and again I find myself repeating, "Alleluia, alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." But there will be heard in the Greek church in Vienna, I want to hear it.

Vienna, Aug. 1.

The Week.

At Home.

Statistics before the American Association for the Advancement of Science show that there has been an enormous increase in blindness in this country.

— Emil Schoenberg has run away from Philadelphia owing \$300,000; forgeries to a large amount are charged against him.

— Edison claims to have achieved his greatest triumph in an invention which will produce electricity directly from coal.

— Boston officers last week evicted 100 Portuguese from their homes on Long Island, the property having been taken by the city for public purposes.

— The Old Colony Road has complained to the Post Office Department that the compensation allowed for carrying the mails is inadequate.

— Richard S. Scott, formerly paying teller at the Manhattan Bank in New York, who absconded with \$150,000, has confessed his crime in London. John R. Dunn has been arrested as an accomplice.

— The corner-stone of the Bennington battle monument was laid last week with impressive ceremonies.

— The American Board makes an earnest appeal for aid for thousands of starving people in Turkey.

— It is estimated that it will take fully \$1,000,000 to settle the claims for damages growing out of the Illinois railroad disaster.

— Revenue cutters have seized more British vessels which have been unlawfully capturing seals in Alaskan waters.

— The annual convention of the Universal Peace Union opened last week at Mystic, Conn.

— An express train was wrecked on the Baltimore and Ohio road at Washington on the 16th; the engineer was killed and 18 passengers injured. The cause was a defective air brake.

— It is said that twelve cents per word will soon be made the uniform cable rate by all the lines.

— The New York City & Northern railroad has been sold for \$2,000,000.

— Six nuns took the black veil at Biddeford, Me., last week.

— There is no prospect of securing additional fast mail service between Boston and New York.

— It is said that John Bean, a heretic driver, and his brother Edward, a stable hand of this city, are heirs to a fortune of \$10,000,000 left by an uncle in Texas.

— The President has appointed William Parsons, of Hartford, Conn., a special agent to allot lands in severity to the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation in Oregon.

— A battle between Sheriff Kendall's party and the Utes has been fought in Colorado, and the latter got the worst of it. The settlers are intensely excited.

— Professor J.W. Powell, of Washington, has been elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

— The new merchandise postal system with Mexico is rendered partially inoperative by the fact that there is no international money order service between the two countries.

— Professor O.S. Fowler, the phenologist and lecturer, died suddenly on the 18th from spinal trouble. He was 77 years of age.

— Austin Corbin of New York and others have made a formal offer to the State of New

Hampshire to buy its interest in the Concord Railroad for \$500,000.

— The great jewelry firm of N. Matson & Co., Chicago, has failed for \$140,000.

— An elevator, loaded with operatives, fell three stories in New York last week, and one woman was killed and a dozen were more or less injured.

— A cattle train was telescoped on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad at Naperville, Ill., last week, and many animals killed.

— The coroner's jury has exonerated the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railway from blame for the disaster at Chatsworth. The section foreman is held to the grand jury.

— The Signal Service has adopted a graded system of storm signals.

— The Toledo sleeper was wrecked at Bayard, O., on the Pittsburgh & Cleveland road last week; one person was killed and four others injured.

— A syndicate has purchased extensive iron land properties in Minnesota, and invested \$10,000,000 there.

— Hon. George M. Stearns has resigned the office of United States district-attorney for Massachusetts.

— Professor Spencer F. Baird, the naturalist, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and chairman of the United States Fish Commission, died on the 19th at Wood's Hill.

— The George Labor party at Syracuse nominated State officers, including Henry George for Secretary of State.

— Mr. Alvan Clark, the noted telescope maker, died in Cambridge on the 19th.

— Dr. McGinnis is about to become the editor of a daily newspaper devoted to his labor cause in New York.

— Sheriff Kendall has been ambushed by the hostile Utes and four of his men were wounded.

— On account of having already exceeded the legal limit, Cornell University has lost a legacy of \$1,000,000.

ABROAD.

— Seventy thousand persons died from cholera in the northwest provinces of India during June and July.

— Emlin Pasha was in good health in the Umjar district at the beginning of May on his way to Lake Mutanize.

— One thousand houses and two churches were destroyed by fire in Scutari, Turkey.

— The election in the Norwich division of Cheshire, Eng., resulted in a victory for the Gladstonians.

— The locomotive engineers on the Mexican Central railroad struck last week, greatly delaying trains and the business of the road.

— J. X. Page, a Montreal book-keeper, raised a \$25 check to \$25,000, cashed it and absconded. He was pursued, captured, and the money was recovered.

— The dispute of thirty years' standing between Costa Rica and Nicaragua over the proposed canal has been settled.

— Two-thirds of the Conservative members of Parliament are opposed to immediate action on suppressing the National League.

— Austria, England and Italy will continue relations with the Bulgarian government. Germany still disapproves of Prince Ferdinand's course.

— Twelve hundred and fifty members of German war veterans' associations went to Metz last week and proceeded to the battlefields of 1870, where they decorated the graves of their slain comrades.

— Semi-official denial is given to the report that Russia had made an agreement with England to partition Afghanistan between them in the event of the death of the Amir.

— Venezuela has notified England to stop encroaching upon her territory.

— The captains of eight American fishing schooners have refused to pay pilot fees in Halifax harbor.

— The steamer "City of Montreal" of the Inman line was burned at sea on the 11th inst., four days out from New York; all but thirteen persons are known to have been saved.

— The Irish National League has been proclaimed by the English government; the House of Lords has adopted the Irish land bill as received from the Commons.

— The Portland schooner "Lizzie Wilson" was run down at sea by the steamer "Atlas" and four lives were lost.

— A statue of the last of the Aztec emperors has been unveiled in the City of Mexico.

— Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has refused an unofficial interview with the foreign consuls.

— The Reformed Presbyterian Church in this country has one hundred and nineteen congregations in its communion, with one hundred and three ministers. Their contributions for all purposes amount to over \$200,000. The denomination is confined to the Northern and Northwestern States.

— Rev. Dr. W. F. Adams, recently elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Eastern Maryland, was consecrated missionary bishop of New Mexico and Arizona in 1875. On his way to his diocese he stopped at Shreveport, La., and devoted himself to caring for yellow fever patients. After a time he was himself stricken with the fever, and this so weakened his general health that he found himself compelled to resign the office.

— At Murkirk, in Scotland, a monument in memory of some Covenanters who suffered in the cause of religion has for some time been in course of construction. It has just been inaugurated. The monument is a polished granite obelisk.

— The late Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland launched the "Jubilee Debt Extinction Scheme," to pay debts on weak and struggling churches. It is proposed to raise \$50,000 for this purpose, and already one-fifth of this sum has been subscribed.

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— The vacant pulpit at Athens and Brookline has just been filled by the appointment of Bro. G. A. Armstrong, of Mechanicsville, Bro. A. is a young man who has attended school at the seminary, and who did good service at Eden last year. The *Phenix* speaks favorably of his opening sermon at Brookline.

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(West) and Victory since Conference. As might be expected, he is encouraged. The weekly offering system has been adopted on the charge with excellent results. The finances were never in better condition. At West Concord the congregation is increasing, and there is a deepening interest in the social meetings. The parsonage is to be repaired; and the friends of Methodism in Victory are agitating the scheme of building a church this year.

— The sound of the hammer is also to be heard in East Burke. The society has voted to repair the church, and has appointed a building committee, consisting of the pastor and Judge Humphrey. A society cottage is also to be erected on the camp-ground at Lyndonville.

At West Burke, the pastor has received thirty-six persons into full membership and baptized two persons within three weeks' time, and reports that souls are still seeking and finding the Lord. The Sunday-school and friends, one hundred and fifty all told, have recently made a delightful trip to Willoughby Lake.

The presiding elder reached the shore of Lake Memphremagog for quarterly meeting service, Sunday, the 14th. It was an occasion of interest and profit to the Newport charge. Four persons were received into full membership at the Center. A Ladies' Aid Society and a Woman's Home Missionary Society have been organized on the charge since Conference.

Among the preachers who have occupied other pulpits than their own in the last two weeks are Rev. S. L. Hedges at South Walden, where he was pastor last year, and Rev. Isaac Smith, of N. Y., at East Burke.

The temperance rally at Lyndonville on Wednesday last week was blessed with a perfect day and speakers equal to the occasion. The audience, if measured by the same rule used in the newspaper reports of some gatherings at which the present writer has been present this summer, must have numbered five thousand people. The actual number was not far from six hundred. Dr. Brodbeck and Rev. Lewis Banks of Boston demonstrated to the assembled Vermonters both that they are men of convictions and that they are not under conviction far enough to impair their effectiveness as temperance workers. Both gentlemen did vigorous service on the platform. Dr. Boole failing to connect, Rev. Geo. L. Thompson, of the New York East Conference, handsomely responded to a call from the president. Rev. A. W. Ford gave direction to the music with his usual grace and enthusiasm. By a decisive vote the members of the Association expressed themselves in favor of an aggressive policy in the future. F.

— SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT. Rev. A. J. Hough, after a vacation for a couple of weeks at the childhood home of Mrs. Hough, is back again to his interesting field of labor at Bradford, where he is taking hold of his work with a renewed energy. On the occasion of his second quarterly meeting, recently, two persons were baptized and received on probation, and nine were received into full membership in the church. The congregation was large and the services inspiring. Bro. Hough is an ardent worker, and succeeds in imparting his own enthusiasm to his people, who join heartily with their pastor in all church work. This church has recently suffered a great loss in the death of R. R. Aldridge, who has for thirty-six years been a faithful steward therein. Bro. Aldridge has been a great sufferer for many weeks, but maintained his confidence in God until the last. His funeral was attended by his pastor, who gave an interesting discourse on "I am now ready to be offered," etc.

The pastor at Bellows Falls, Rev. W. I. Todd, on a recent Sunday preached an earnest sermon on temperance, with a special view to quickening the public conscience somewhat in relation to the enforcement of the laws for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicants. Offenses against decency and against life having been committed, the temperance people of the community have been slightly aroused from their slumber, and have canvassed the village, street by street, to obtain signatures to a memorial, to be presented to the town authorities, praying for the enforcement of existing laws for the extinguishment of the saloons, which have carried on their death-dealing business as openly and with as little interference on the part of the authorities, as any branch of legitimate business. A great shame is upon the people of Bellows Falls, as well as upon some other places in the State, for having so long tolerated this criminal neglect of official duty. As the policies of the State are now run, and the offices are now manned, the rum power has as little to fear, and the temperance men as little to hope, as could well be imagined. To how great a depth of degradation the temperance people of Vermont will need to be plunged before they can be made to see the utter demoralization of their present leaders, and call others to the front who shall be worthy of the trust reposed in them, cannot yet be determined. But their supineness is amazing. M.

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The temperance rally at Lyndonville on Wednesday last week was blessed with a perfect day and speakers equal to the occasion. The audience, if measured by the same rule used in the newspaper reports of some gatherings at which the present writer has been present this summer, must have numbered five thousand people. The actual number was not far from six hundred. Dr. Brodbeck and Rev. Lewis Banks of Boston demonstrated to the assembled Vermonters both that they are men of convictions and that they are not under conviction far enough to impair their effectiveness as temperance workers. Both gentlemen did vigorous service on the platform. Dr. Boole failing to connect, Rev. Geo. L. Thompson, of the New York East Conference, handsomely responded to a call from the president. Rev. A. W. Ford gave direction to the music with his usual grace and enthusiasm. By a decisive vote the members of the Association expressed themselves in favor of an aggressive policy in the future. F.

— SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT. Rev. A. J. Hough, after a vacation for a couple of weeks at the childhood home of Mrs. Hough, is back again to his interesting field of labor at Bradford, where he is taking hold of his work with a renewed energy. On the occasion of his second quarterly meeting, recently, two persons were baptized and received on probation, and nine were received into full membership in the church. The congregation was large and the services inspiring. Bro. Hough is an ardent worker, and succeeds in imparting his own enthusiasm to his people, who join heartily with their pastor in all church work. This church has recently suffered a great loss in the death of R. R. Aldridge, who has for thirty-six years been a faithful steward therein. Bro. Aldridge has been a great sufferer for many weeks, but maintained his confidence in God until the last. His funeral was attended by his pastor, who gave an interesting discourse on "I am now ready to be offered," etc.

The pastor at Bellows Falls, Rev. W. I. Todd, on a recent Sunday preached an earnest sermon on temperance, with a special view to quickening the public conscience somewhat in relation to the enforcement of the laws for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicants. Offenses against decency and against life having been committed, the temperance people of the community have been slightly aroused from their slumber, and have canvassed the village, street by street, to obtain signatures to a memorial, to be presented to the town authorities, praying for the enforcement of existing laws for the extinguishment of the saloons, which have carried on their death-dealing business as openly and with as little interference on the part of the authorities, as any branch of legitimate business. A great shame is upon the people of Bellows Falls, as well as upon some other places in the State, for having so long tolerated this criminal neglect of official duty. As the policies of the State are now run, and the offices are now manned, the rum power has as little to fear, and the temperance men as little to hope, as could well be imagined. To how great a depth of degradation the temperance people of Vermont will need to be plunged before they can be made to see the utter demoralization of their present leaders, and call others to the front who shall be worthy of the trust reposed in them, cannot yet be determined. But their supineness is amazing. M.

— At Murkirk, in Scotland, a monument in memory of some Covenanters who suffered in the cause of religion has for some time been in course of construction. It has just been inaugurated. The monument is a polished granite obelisk.

— The late Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland launched the "Jubilee Debt Extinction Scheme," to pay debts on weak and struggling churches. It is proposed to raise \$50,000 for this purpose, and already one-fifth of this sum has been subscribed.

— One of the German papers states that "at Vienna last year no less than three hundred and sixty-three Jews became Christians," and another paper tells us that "at no period since the first baptism have conversions from Judaism to Christianity been so frequent as they are at the present."

Brattleboro charge was never in a more prosperous condition than at the present. No department of the work is neglected and some lines of effort are meeting with gratifying success. The whole, and the Sabbath evening meeting often tests the seating capacity of the room. No special meetings have as yet been held, but the regular meetings are resulting in a continual work of grace, conversions constantly occurring. It was expected that several would be baptized by immersion last Sabbath.

The first Sunday after the dedication of the South Tunbridge church, the congregation was double its usual size, and one was baptized. There seems to be more interest in the community than for many years.

A successful lawn party was recently held at Hartland, the net results being over \$20.

Since the retirement of Bro. P. M. Frost from the pastorate of the church at Windsor in the middle of the Conference year, there has been no regular services under the auspices of the Methodists, the members having attended the Baptist and Congregational churches. During his vacation from Boston University, where he is a member of the sophomore class in the college of liberal arts, Bro. Geo. H. Spencer of Randolph has been supplying the pulpits of the churches named in the absence of the respective pastors on their vacations. It is needless to say that our Methodist friends appreciated Bro. Spencer's sermons and wished that circumstances would warrant the re-establishment of Methodist services pure and simple. That consummation, however, is as yet in the future. Bro. Spencer is the oldest son of the well-known Rev. H. A. Spencer of Randolph, the Montpelier District correspondent of the *HERALD*.

Chaplain McCabe is to spend a week in Vermont after the meeting of the General Missionary Committee in November. Conventions will be held on Springfield district at Woodstock and Bradford. Springfield district last year passed the "million line" and the churches have no idea of going back on their record.

There has been a steady and healthy growth at Ludlow thus far during the year. The congregations have steadily increased, and there has been a growing interest in the social meetings. Bro. E. E. Reynolds hopes to secure the services of Dr. Wm. McDonald to take charge of a series of meetings during the fall.

Our annual camp-meeting is held from Aug. 22 to Aug. 27 at Claremont Junction, N. H. About the usual attendance is anticipated. RETLAW.

— RELIGIOUS ITEMS. The Baptists of the United States, Northern and Southern, gave last year \$1,677,706 for home and foreign missions. For education and other purposes the contributions amounted to \$1,914,442, and for church support, \$4,924,053, making a total of \$8,516,201, by over 2,700,000 members.

— Sing Wing, the proprietor of the Chinese laundry on Bradley Street, New London, Conn., was baptized in the First Congregational church lately. Sing Wing is the first Chinese man to whom a Christian rite has been administered in New London.

— Rev. David Bergery, the oldest preacher of the Mennonite Church in this country, died recently, aged 84, at Shipack, Pa., where he had preached for more than sixty years.

The New York Chinese mission has between 4,000 and 5,000 Celestials in its Sunday schools. About sixty have joined the various churches. The first Sunday-school for these people was founded in New York eighteen years ago.

— The Indian church at Yankton, Dakota, keeps growing. Nineteen persons have been added to Yankton Agency Presbyterian Church, and five to Hill Presbyterian Church.

— Yang Sing, on his examination for membership on experience before one of the Baptist churches, San Francisco, in response to the question, "How he found Jesus?" answered, "I no find Jesus at all; He find me."

— After forty years of faithful service in the interest of the American Tract Society, Mr. Samuel E. Warner died at Brooklyn, July 6, aged 64 years. For more than fifteen years he was the managing editor of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

— Another American lady of refinement and high social position has married a Chinaman. Miss Henrietta Hill, of Brooklyn, who has been prominently identified with the Chinese city mission work, has become the wife of Rev. Joseph M. Singleton, who is an efficient evangelist among his countrymen in that city.

— The Reformed Presbyterian Church in this country has one hundred and nineteen congregations in its communion, with one hundred and three ministers. Their contributions for all purposes amount to over \$200,000. The denomination is confined to the Northern and Northwestern States.

— Rev. Dr. W. F. Adams, recently elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Eastern Maryland, was consecrated missionary bishop of New Mexico and Arizona in 1875. On his way to his diocese he stopped at Shreveport, La., and devoted himself to caring for yellow fever patients. After a time he was himself stricken with the fever, and this so weakened his general health that he found himself compelled to resign the office.

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— A Connecticut customer writes to Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York, that for \$90 in advertising done through them he realized a net profit of five hundred and seventy-five dollars.

— Rev. F. D. Handy, pastor at Williamsburg, and E. D. Dyer, proposes to hold a four days' camp-meeting at the pond on Dunsmuir Hill, Aug. 21-Sept. 3. A general attendance is solicited from all who will enter heartily into the work.

— The vacant pulpit at Athens and Brookline has just been filled by the appointment of Bro. G. A. Armstrong, of Mechanicsville, Bro. A. is a young man who has attended school at the seminary, and who did good service at Eden last year. The *Phenix* speaks favorably of his opening sermon at Brookline.

— VERMONT CONFERENCE. MONTPELIER DISTRICT. The last quarterly meeting at Grandville and Hancock was very interesting. The presiding elder preached with power; and eight were baptized, including two children, one of whom was Bro. M. H. Ryan's child. Ten persons were received into full membership. The year is a prosperous one on this charge; twenty-six have been baptized since Conference. H. A. S.

— ST. JOHNSBURY DISTRICT. One pastor has enjoyed both Concord

(West) and Victory since Conference. As might be expected, he is encouraged. The weekly offering system has been adopted on the charge with excellent results. The finances were never in better condition. At West Concord the congregation is increasing, and there is a deepening interest in the social meetings. The parsonage is to be repaired; and the friends of Methodism in Victory are agitating the scheme of building a church this year.

— The sound of the hammer is also to be heard in East Burke. The society has voted to repair the church, and has appointed a building committee, consisting of the pastor and Judge Humphrey. A society cottage is also to be erected on the camp-ground at Lyndonville.

At West Burke, the pastor has received thirty-six persons into full membership and baptized two persons within three weeks' time, and reports that souls are still seeking and finding the Lord. The Sunday-school and friends, one hundred and fifty all told, have recently made a delightful trip to Willoughby Lake.

The presiding elder reached the shore of Lake Memphremagog for quarterly meeting service, Sunday, the 14th. It was an occasion of interest and profit to the Newport charge. Four persons were received into full membership at the Center. A Ladies' Aid Society and a Woman's Home Missionary Society have been organized on the charge since Conference.

Among the preachers who have occupied other pulpits than their own in the last two weeks are Rev. S. L. Hedges at South Walden, where he was pastor last year, and Rev. Isaac Smith, of N. Y., at East Burke.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Ken. Val. Camp-meeting, at Richmond, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
East Poland Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
North Anson Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Willamette Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Hedding Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Stirling Junction Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Claremont Junction Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Northampton Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
East Machias Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Piscataqua Valley Camp-meeting, at Foxcroft, Me., Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
National Hellens Camp-meeting, at Hedding Camp-ground, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Rock. Dis. Camp-meeting, Noblesburg, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
East Livestock Camp-meeting, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Portland District Camp-meeting, Fryeburg, Aug. 22-29	Aug. 22-29
Wilmet Camp-meeting, Andover, Sept. 5-10	Sept. 5-10
White Mount Camp-meeting at Groton, Sept. 5-10	Sept. 5-10

OLD ORCHARD MEETINGS FOR 1887:

New England Royal Temples of Temperance, at Old Orchard, Aug. 22-29

N. H. CONFERENCE SEMINARY. — Owing to the backward season, unusual wet weather, and unforeseen delays with workmen, our new building will not be ready September 1st. We are under the necessity of postponing the opening of the fall term until September 28th, when our contractor assures us we can have the building for use. Steam will be on in time to insure dry walls and full security. The fall term begins September 28, 1887, and ends December 20, 1887. The boarding house will be open for students on Tuesday afternoon, September 27. D. C. KNOWLES.

EVANGELISTIC CONVENTION. — All Christians interested in promoting revival of religion in Lunenburg, Hallowell, and Hallowell, are invited to meet on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 1 and 2, morning, afternoon and evening, at the Baptist Tabernacle. Among the speakers definitely engaged are Rev. Arthur Tappan Parsons, D. D., of Philadelphia; Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of New York; C. Needham and wife, and Dr. L. W. Mumford. Among those